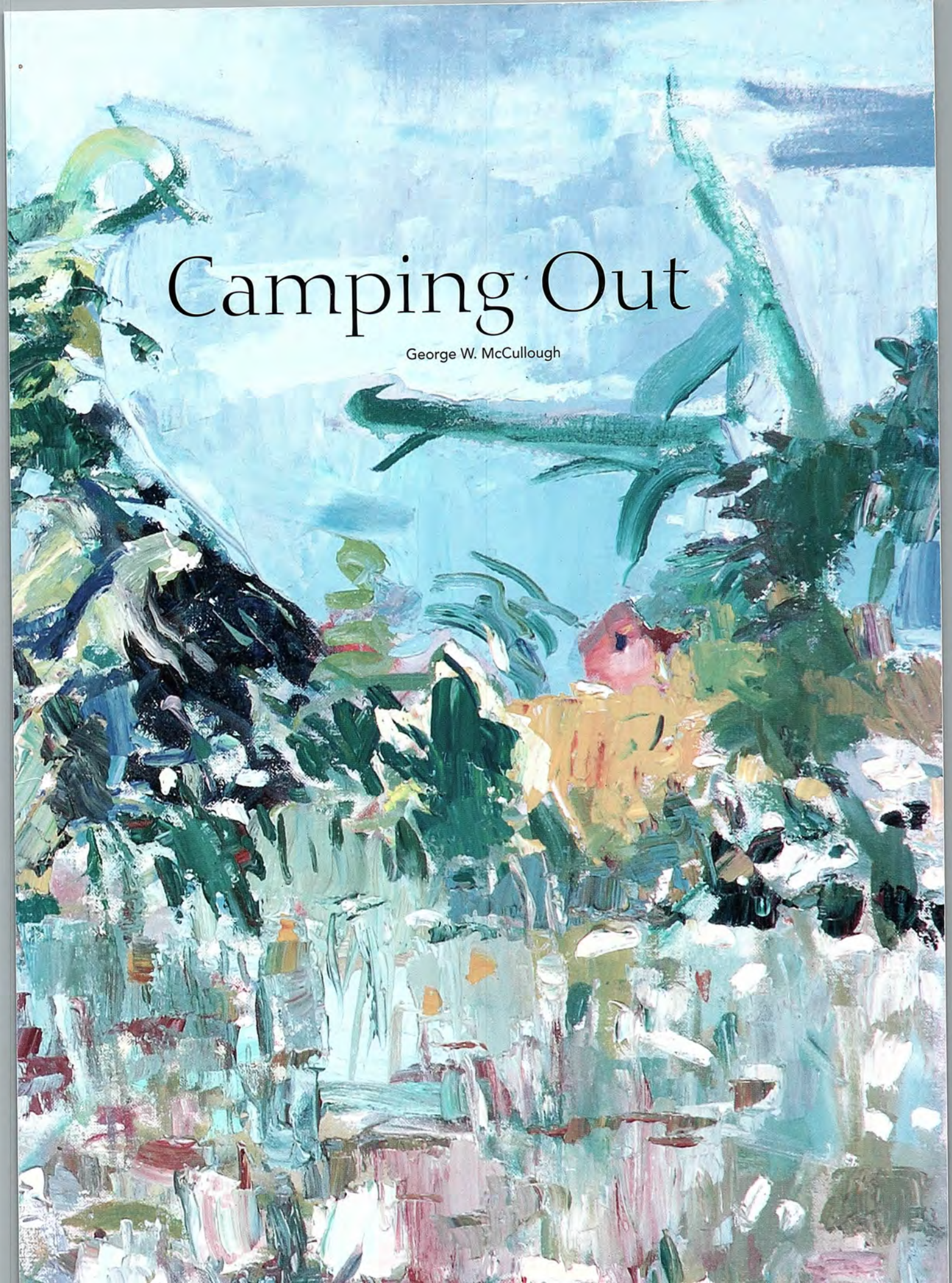


Camping Out

George W. McCullough



1

Krazy Kat, 1996
Quilt by Henrietta McCullough
Design by George McCullough

Camping Out

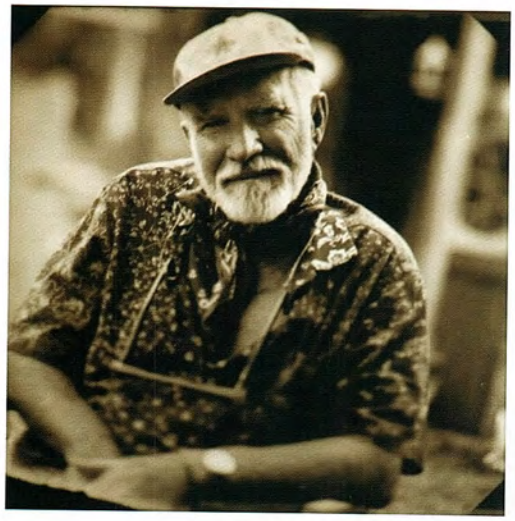
George W. McCullough

2005

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For our parents.



George W. McCullough, 1999
Photo by Tom Galliher

"Somewhere along the way,
We have gone astray.
The human anthill is richer than ever before.
We have more wealth and more leisure,
And yet we lack something essential.
We feel less human; somewhere
We have lost mysterious prerogatives."

Antoine Saint-Exupery

Everyone has a story to tell; this is mine.

My father was a person who worked at many trades but was a master of none. Although not a famous artist, he was an excellent landscape painter, especially mountain scenes — realistic mountains, trees, streams and lakes. His few paintings had that singular beauty of morning and evening lights and shadows with their delicate hues representing secret haunts for birds and animals that live in their natural worlds like the first paradise of Adam and Eve.

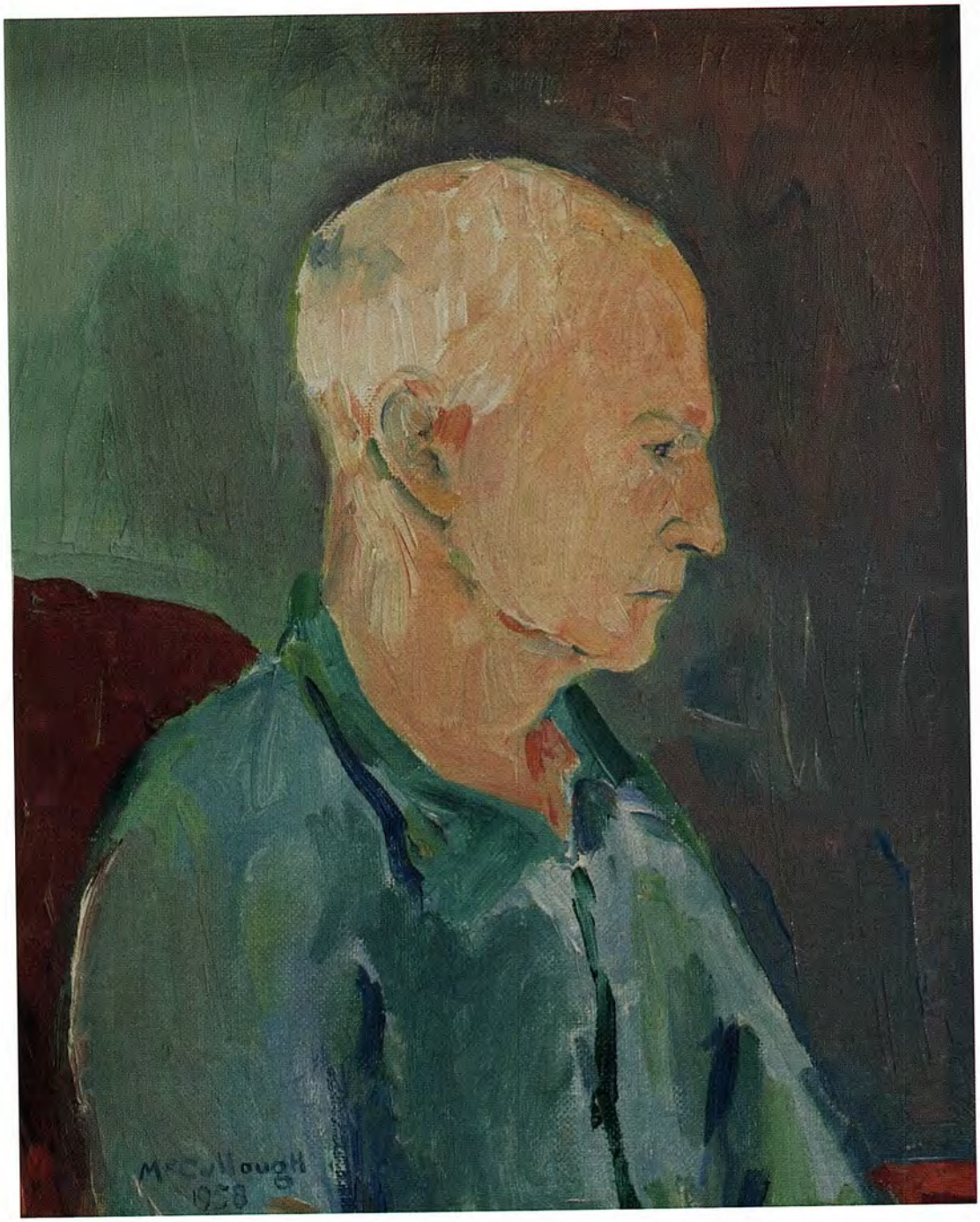
A victim of tuberculosis, my mother died when I was two years old. It was during the early 20's when the science of medicine was in the Dark Ages. To replace my mother, I had an older sister who loved me very much and took care of me, soothing my cries and tantrums. One of our family's stories is that I bit her in the stomach. I had red hair, and perhaps I had the disposition attributed supposedly to red-heads who express themselves in an uncivilized manner.



W. S. McCullough



Mt. Rainier, Date unknown
W. S. McCullough, (1890 - 1964)
Oil on canvas
18" x 24"



W. S. McCullough, 1958
George W. McCullough
Oil on canvas
10'' x 8''

I have a photo of myself seated in a wicker baby carriage at the age of two. If I could have someone give me a ride, I must have decided that it wasn't very practicable to learn to walk.

Growing up in the Los Angeles area of California, proved to be the usual task of trial and error and still continues today. My first memories include a more enjoyable memory of my mother making me a new suit, and how I wanted to put it on and show it to my beautiful white kitten.

I remember when I was around three or four years old I was told to mind the cat while my father backed out the Model T Ford. The kitten had sharp claws that clawed me after being frightened by the bangs of the Model T's motor. I let go of my kitty and I watched as she was crushed under the car's wheels. Blood and bones were mixed in her once-beautiful white coat, which I once loved to pet, feeling the softness of her lovely fur.

I also remember one of my uncles gave me a chocolate Easter bunny and the first thing I did was bite its head off. I was told not to eat too much of my bunny. I didn't follow this good advice and I had to go outside because I became quite ill, having eaten more of the chocolate bunny than just the head. I loved the sweet taste of the chocolate even though it had made me sick, so I solved this problem and buried the rest of my Easter gift in the garden.



George W. McCullough at age 2

The first days of kindergarten turned out better than I imagined. Grandmother took me to kindergarten, and there I discovered that the little girls were very nice. One of them taught me how to tie my shoes, and I thought becoming educated was fun.



Ice Cream Eater, 1958
Oil on canvas
48" x 36"

Grade school wasn't too bad either. We only went half days. Classes were held in tents because the grade school building was demolished by a southern California earthquake.

High school memories were varied. Since I had chipped my elbow bone in a basketball game, the chances of becoming a sports star were slim. School dances became important, as did learning how to drive a car with the driving skills necessary to qualify for a driver's license.

I had many enjoyable hours riding my bicycle prior to driving a car. It was a second-hand bike I received as a Christmas gift. It took me a while to get over the feeling of disappointment when my step-brother received a Christmas gift of a brand new deluxe model bicycle. It had a headlight, taillight, and a horn that honked by squeezing a rubber ball attached to the horn. This bright and shining machine also had a bike rack, and tucked under the bike's frame was a toolbox. I was allowed to ride this bright red and cream-colored bicycle, but it never took away the hurt feelings I had that Christmas day.

I rode everywhere on my second-hand bike with my dog Bonzo running alongside, tongue lolling and keeping an eye out for cats and other dogs.

Life was good. There were radio plays and movies to see and trips to the beach and the mountains. While others could remain at the beach all day and return to school in the fall with grand summer tans, and having grown taller, I seemed to have remained about the same size and was always recovering from many painful sunburns. This didn't impress the girls.

Scholastically, I didn't add much to my high school tenure. When I was a senior and met my high school advisor, I was told that my grade average wouldn't allow me admission into a university. It was a little too late to rectify my scholastic record. Therefore, I enrolled as an art student at a junior college. I found a place to stay and work for my room and board as a waiter and dish-washer during the week, and as a handy man on Saturday. Sunday I caught up on class assignments.

College life was more attractive than being in high school. In the life drawing art class there were female models to draw, and living away from home, one could stay up all night.

The second semester I made posters and signs in the campus sign shop and joined the college magazine staff, designing and laying out magazine articles, and drawing the magazine's cartoons.

Later that semester, I changed jobs and worked in a parking garage for an apartment building. I had a cot in the garage to sleep on and a hot plate to cook my meals. In the evenings I parked the residents' cars.

During my second college year, I worked weekends delivering milk. I was able to pay for my room, meals and my art supplies.

The next summer I worked at the Los Angeles shipyards and saved my money, allowing me to return to college without working part-time during the semester.

1941 brought an end to campus life. Misfortune and humiliating events were witnessed, seeing some of your college friends being marched off to concentration camps because of their Japanese heritage. ("That to believe that history is marching to an inevitable goal is to deny human responsibility and freedom"). [1]



George as an Aviation Cadet

Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman and Harry James were leaders of very popular big dance bands, and I have good memories of taking girlfriends to dances.

I bid farewell to my 1928 Chevy sedan, art classes, and those very nice girlfriends and signed up for duty as an Aviation Cadet in the United States Air Corps.

I knew that the basic program as a private in the United States Army wasn't like being in the Boy Scouts of America and war was pure hell, so I joined the Air Force. As an Aviation Cadet, one wondered when you were going to even see an airplane, at least to learn how to fly one. The training program consisted of calisthenics, marching and parade maneuvers before a crowd of family and friends, so they could feel the patriotic sublime joy of a nation's youth ready to protect flag and country.

Then there was Ground School and the wonderful day did come. One suited up with flight clothes, helmet, goggles and parachute for the exciting moment for the first time to actually fly in an airplane, with the flying instructor seated

1. Fyodor Dostoevsky's Diary

in the rear cockpit. The flight instructor showed you that Stearman biplanes could actually fly by themselves because they were so wonderfully designed for flight. This reliable airplane could maintain a steady course even when you took your hands off the airplane's controls.

My first attempt to solo ended up a failure. I "ground looped" (the airplane went out of control when attempting to land). Fortunately I wasn't "washed out" from flight training and was given another chance. I was able to solo a brightly painted yellow airplane. I often wondered if they decided to use bright yellow to prevent Air Force Cadets from flying into each other.

My next flying exercise was to attempt a tailspin. I had to talk myself into doing this. There wasn't a flight instructor behind me telling me what to do through a Gosport tube. I had to fly the airplane straight up, throttle back until the airplane stalled out, and then give the plane a hard rudder, allowing the plane to begin its downward spinning dive with the joystick pushed forward. Before the aircraft began its downward flight, the pilot needed to locate a point on the horizon so he could count the number of spins. After the third spin the pilot reversed the plane's controls to continue its flight. Of course, the necessary altitude was attained before beginning to put the airplane into a dive of three spins.

To take part in civilian life, we were given special passes from the flight academy. Wearing an Air Force dress uniform and a cadet military cap with a small propeller insignia on it made the girls take notice.

The dream came to an end when I was washed out from Basic Flight Training. I went before the board of officers that told me I was dismissed from the Air Corps Pilot Training program. I was asked if I had any questions. I asked them if I could have another chance to pass my check-out flight in order to continuing my pilot training. No such luck. It was goodbye to earning my wings and becoming a commissioned officer. I was now a private in the United States Air Corps. Perhaps I couldn't ever sing again with gusto, "Nothing will stop the United States Air Corps."

I enlisted in the United States Air Corps in 1942 and was discharged in 1945 with sergeant stripes, serving in the Pacific theatre of war and receiving



Homage to Iowa, 1956
Oil on canvas
33" x 53"

the Air Medal for duties as a flight clerk. I earned my wings as an air crew member and not those silver wings as a pilot.

In 1950, I was presented with a pair of wings—angel's wings—created by my girlfriend in the beach sands of the Ligurian Sea, Italy. Angel's wings are made by lying on one's back in the sand and moving your arms and legs to create an angel with wings. My girlfriend helped me with my Italian language lessons at the University of Iowa, and I was fortunate to receive a Bachelor of Fine Art Degree and later a Master of Fine Art Degree. Also I had the good fortune to receive a Fulbright Scholarship to study art in Florence, Italy, from 1950 to 1951. My girlfriend joined me in Italy, and in the fall of 1951 we went to Paris, France. I had received enough money from my grant that I could continue my art studies in Paris. At the end of summer, my girlfriend returned to the United States to continue her university studies.

Working in Paris was wonderful. There I became interested in painting with enamel paint used to paint automobiles. This fast-drying paint gave the artist very expressive lines and shapes. Also it enabled one to create the illusion of space using old masters' glazing techniques. Unfortunately, these enamel paintings found their way floating down New York's East River. I learned



6

Italian Model, 1950
Oil on canvas
31" x 21"



7

Model, 1950
Oil on canvas
19" x 20"

the fate of these paintings in 1952; a girlfriend got rid of my panels from her apartment by dumping them into the East River. I imagine it was quite a spectacle to see these paintings, painted on Masonite®, afloat upon the East River. Perhaps it was the first of many "Happenings" exhibitions that occurred in many prestigious New York City art galleries. Perhaps it was just a good story.

I moved to New York City in 1951. For a short time I lived in a third-story loft with a leaky roof on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. It provided a great deal of space with many windows, which made it a good studio for painting. One day when I returned to my studio, everything was soaked by a mighty downpour of rain, and many of my paintings suffered water damage. I worked an uninspiring job as an elevator operator in a Madison Avenue apartment building. I felt that I needed a change of environment, with mountains, beautiful clear streams and big skies. I quickly left New York after five months to go to Montana. No doubt my sudden departure by bus was the justification that some of my artwork was thrown into the East River.

Montana is a beautiful country, and the sensation of a "Big Sky" is true. The change of altitude from New York City makes one feel light-headed and giddy—like having your breath taken away, or like descending from the highest peak of a roller coaster ride.

There were very few apartment buildings in Montana, so finding a job as an elevator operator was very difficult. I found a job in a bowling alley setting bowling pins. If I remember correctly, it was named the "Big Sky Bowling Pin Alley." I was later to learn that the bars and taverns in Montana did have names like "The Big Sky Bar and Grill," but my favorite name was the "Buffalo Wallow Bar."

The pay for a "pin boy" was very meager. Also, the bowlers always complained that the bowling pins were not set up fast enough so that the bowlers could continue bowling. Lowering and raising the gates for the pins to be re-set required certain agility to escape flying pins and bowling balls. A teenager had an advantage for this job over a thirty-year-old man.

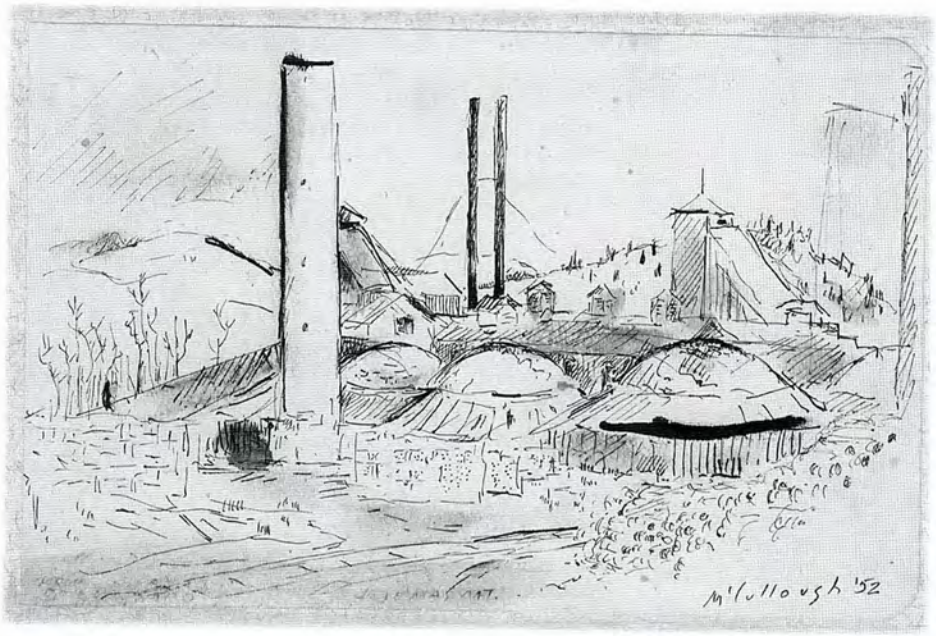
Fortunately, I was later hired as an art teacher at the Archie Bray brickyards, that had started a pottery workshop and school. I was to teach painting but the ceramic skilled potters working there considered themselves a cut above a painter. I came to the brickyards to do some teaching, but ended up with the brickyard workers making bricks. I would sit above the conveyer belt that carried the bricks. The bricks were made of soft clay, and my job was to reach down and remove them without destroying the brick's shape. The bricks just kept coming and I had to keep up with the moving belt loaded with the bricks. It was like



Newsy, 1951
Oil and collage on Masonite®
32" x 24"

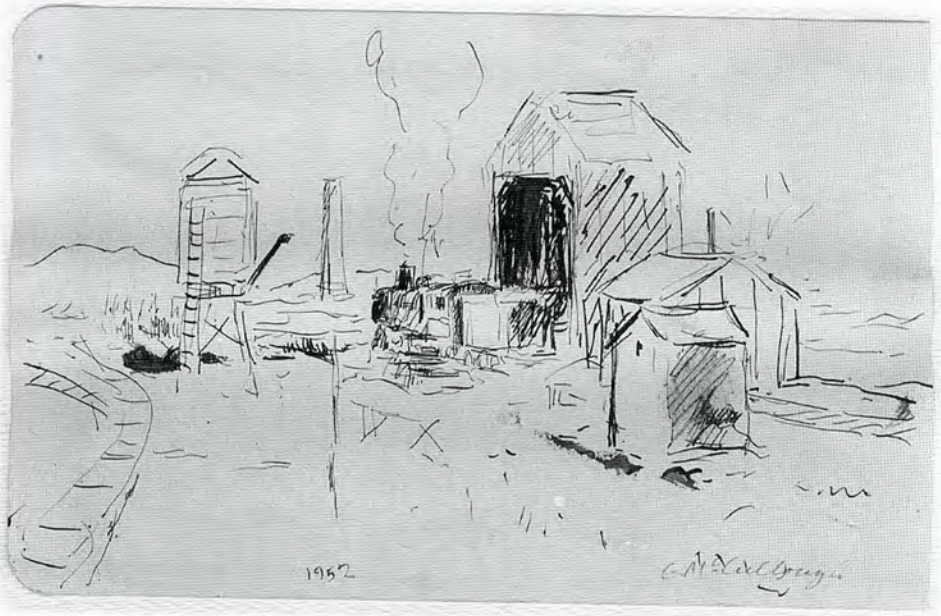


The brickyards, 1956
Oil on canvas
60" x 36"



10

Archie Bray's Brickyard, Helena, Montana, 1952
Pen and ink
4.5" x 7"



11

Church Street train, Bozeman, Montana, 1952
Pen and ink
4.5" x 7"

being in the famous movie "Modern Times" starring Charlie Chaplin. I stayed there during the summer and was invited by an artist friend to go with him to New York City in 1953. I hoped returning to New York City might help me get rid of my back pains that I had working in the brickyards.

I left Montana with no regrets. I witnessed scenes like those in the movies, the western movie of a bar-room fight at the local bar. Most important of all was meeting a charming woman ceramic potter who worked in the pottery shop. She invited me to spend a weekend with her in the beautiful Yellowstone National Park, and we watched the famous Yellowstone geyser spout.

When I returned to New York City, it felt like I had never left. This wonderful town had its never-ending amazement of a community of people,



NYC, 1959
Oil on canvas
30" x 24"

like ants hurrying and scurrying to go wherever they had to go. The very atmosphere was charged with the hustle and bustle of humanity, like a cosmic blast gathered in a world of architectural achievements of stone, steel and glass.

First things first, things that needed to be taken care of: I recovered my studio painting easel along with a few paintings that hadn't been pitched into the East River, and I found another elevator operator job at the impressive Riverside Church, located on the west side of upper Manhattan.

I was fortunate to find a three-room apartment on the sixth floor, in the Lower East Side of Manhattan. It cost me fifty dollars to "buy into" this place. The great advantage was the nineteen dollars and eighty cents a month for the rent. It so happened there were still available apartments under a rent control policy enacted during the times of World War II. It didn't have an elevator because a building with six floors or less, by code, didn't have to have a passenger elevator.

My new home was a type of a tenement apartment that had the bathtub in the kitchen with an enameled removable top to serve as a space for a wire dish holder. It was really a natural convenience, because upon removal of the enamel top to take one's bath, the bather could keep an eye on the kitchen stove while dinner was cooking.

The toilet, down the hall, was one of those unique models with the water tank overhead. During the warm summer months, the water pipes attached to the tank seemed to take pleasure dripping on one's head when "sitting on the pot." The bathroom, although down the hall, belonged to the apartment renter. It was my private toilet with a key, so I painted hands on the toilet seat.

The sixth-floor steps had very high risers. High ceilings gave the apartment's small rooms the feeling of a great deal of space. Climbing the stairs not only kept one in good physical condition, but also helped the memory. Only once my memory failed me. It was for tickets to a Broadway play that I had to climb the stairs again. Also, the sixth floor made it possible to climb one more floor up to the building's roof. Here the sight of Manhattan was grand. The view of the skyscrapers of Upper Manhattan was in sharp contrast to the sights of the East River, scenes of the bridges and the river traffic of tugboats and scows. It also provided the cooling breezes during the summer after taking

a few steps to the tar-papered roof to cool off. It was located near Tompkins Square on East 10th Street, just around the corner from Avenue C.

In 1953, I left my job as an elevator operator and found a job in a company that printed menus for various New York City restaurants. My job was to proof-read the menu copies from the linotype machine before they went to press. I worked the swing shift hours, which gave me time to paint during the day.

One weekend I took part in the annual Washington Square outdoor art exhibition and sale. I didn't appreciate having art lovers with their pet dogs "admiring" on my canvases. I actually sold a painting of mine for ten dollars. One of the artists showing his work invited me to go with him to paint in Central Park. He wanted to teach me how I could paint in a style that might help me sell my art, at least to get a price high enough to pay for paint, canvas and brushes. I still have my painting I did with him of New York City's Central



Central Park, NYC, 1953
Oil on Masonite®
12" x 16"



Phoebe, 1955
Etching
7" x 12"

Park *(page 21, #18)*. During my seven years living in Manhattan, I sold two paintings and an etching of my cat Phoebe *(See above, #14)*.

A resident of the city should own a cat. My cat Phoebe was a real lady. She was white with grey, black and orange markings. These random strips of color mixed with her coat of white gave her a face a very appealing look.

Another excellent New York City cat was named Sleepy. Her home was in a loft owned by Ida. Ida was a true New Yorker, her Italian accent mixed with Brooklynese. Her doctor advised her to take allergy shots that would help her so that she wouldn't keep weeping when she petted Sleepy. Alas, the shots would help somewhat, but Ida couldn't help but bury her face in Sleepy's fur, which would make her tears flow. She just couldn't help but to bury her face in Sleepy's soft and luxuriant fur.

Ida had her towel embroidering business on West 14th Street and she embroidered by machine—things like Mr. and Mrs. towels and washcloths. She had me design some monograms for her.

I met Ida through my new employer, who owned a monogram business that embroidered owners' names on linings of their fur coats. This change of

jobs from the printing house gave me more time to work on my paintings. The monogram work was seasonal and the major part of this business was just before the Christmas rush when new fur coat linings were in demand.

I designed a monogram for Victoria d' Los Angeles and the Princess of Monaco, Grace Kelly. For these, not unlike many others, I did by copying their signatures given me by the furrier. I used a white pencil to draw the names on the silk lining and then the women embroiderers embroidered the names either by machine, but usually to do justice to the owner's signature, the monogram was done by hand. For Grace Kelly, the embroidered lining was for a shoe box. Liberace's design choice was a piano with a candelabra. One of the more quixotic monograms I did was to make a design for a famous athlete coach to be monogrammed on a fur-lined jockstrap to read, "Lucky Bucky."

Not unlike many major cities, New York City provided jobs for those who were inclined to pursue their creative vocation. They could work as tourist guides, tour guides upon tour boats making their trips around Manhattan Island, waiters and waitresses working in the many restaurants in the city, guides and lecturers in museums, taxi drivers, bus drivers, subway operators, dishwashers and elevator operators. What an exciting and never-ending source of adventure to be part of a great multitude of dreamers pursuing their creative needs.

Making painting trips outside of Manhattan was important; we visited places such as Coney Island, Staten Island and Long Island Sound. A group of friends and I had talked about buying some property near a place called Rocky Point and building a beach cabin. It was a grand idea that never came to be. The outcome of this dream



Rocky Point, NY, 1954
Oil on canvas
12" x 16"

was doing a painting along the beach. I treasure this painting very much; the day spent there, swimming, eating, enjoying painting, the warmth of the day and the sense of sea breezes and the warm friendship of one's friends. My painting *(page 23, #15)* I made this romantic day is dated 1954.



Henrietta Tragitt McCullough, "Sue"
1947, age 25

1954 was a significant year for me. I had a letter from the woman potter girlfriend I had met in Helena, Montana. She told me that she was coming with her girlfriend to New York City. I thought she wanted to see me and collect the five dollars I had borrowed from her when I left Montana to go to New York City.

Our romance was brief. I proposed to Sue at a famous speakeasy that existed during the days of prohibition. It was located on the Lower East Side of Manhattan called Chumlee. She agreed to marry me. She wanted a chauffeur and I wanted a car. She owned a wonderful 1951 Chevy blue business coupe.

After Sue had returned to Montana and we'd made many phone calls to each other, the date was set for our marriage. After a few beers with some New York City friends, they took me to the airport and I arrived in Helena, Montana, for our wedding. I met Sue's family and learned then that her real name was Henrietta, and that her father, an ordained Episcopal minister, was to perform our marriage ceremony. Sue's brother participated in the wedding along with his wife, who was the matron of honor. The wedding ceremony had a feeling of dignity mixed with the sensation of being a watcher and not a participant in this important consecrated union.

After the wedding, there was the wedding breakfast with friends and family. I had not only a wonderful wife, but a new mother-in-law, father-in-law, sister-in-law and brother-in-law.

Our honeymoon was spent aboard the train going from Montana to New York. I was told that we had sleeper reservations on the train. In order to save money, I had suggested going by coach was less expensive. At that very moment, I realized I was going to learn about matrimonial bliss.



Wedding Portrait, 1955
Oil on Masonite®
40'' x 20''

We returned to New York by way of a stopover in Saginaw, Michigan, to see a painting exhibit of mine in the Saginaw museum. The curator of the museum had arranged an exhibition of my work.

Upon sorting out our things in a hotel near the museum, I realized I had a tear in my pants. Sue was equipped with needle and thread and sewed my pants' leg as good as new. This emergency provided me a second lesson of marriage. I knew I was married to someone who could, on a moment's notice, take care of me and any other emergencies that would come up.

We arrived in New York City's Grand Central Station and took a cab to our home on East Tenth Street. With the determination which one learns to have in order to climb six flights of stairs, we entered our love nest.

Our three-room apartment had its bathtub in the kitchen, which was covered so that it could be used as a tabletop and then removed to use the bathtub, but now things would be quite different. While bathing, Sue could tell me what needed to be done for the progress of fixing dinner. Also this unique arrangement was very convenient to keep iced beer in for a party.

Earlier, this apartment had the type of icebox made of wood and metal with the cooling device being a block of ice. The tenement dwellers' iceman had to possess real stamina to climb stairs while holding ice tongs around some thirty or more pounds of ice.

The view from our apartment rooftop was all anyone would want, as I have already stated. But to share it with Sue made it so very, very special. With the climb of a flight of stairs from the sixth floor to the roof, one could have a grand view of New York City: west, east, south, north and especially the view of the East River with the small river craft plying their trade. Also there was a unique and different view while looking down from the roof to the building's courtyard and the surrealistic pattern of wash lines with their clothes attached, swinging bravely in the winds.

Sue traded the vast beauty of western mountains, buttes and turquoise-colored skies for the odors, rumbling noises of the city, buses, subways, the tenements and their occupants, bridges and skyscrapers. Bedbugs, cockroaches and cats replaced the sheep, cattle, horses and wood ticks.



17

The Battery, 1955
Oil on canvas
24'' x 36''



18

New York Harbor, 1958
Oil on canvas
36'' x 46''



19

George, 1955
Etching
10" x 8"



20

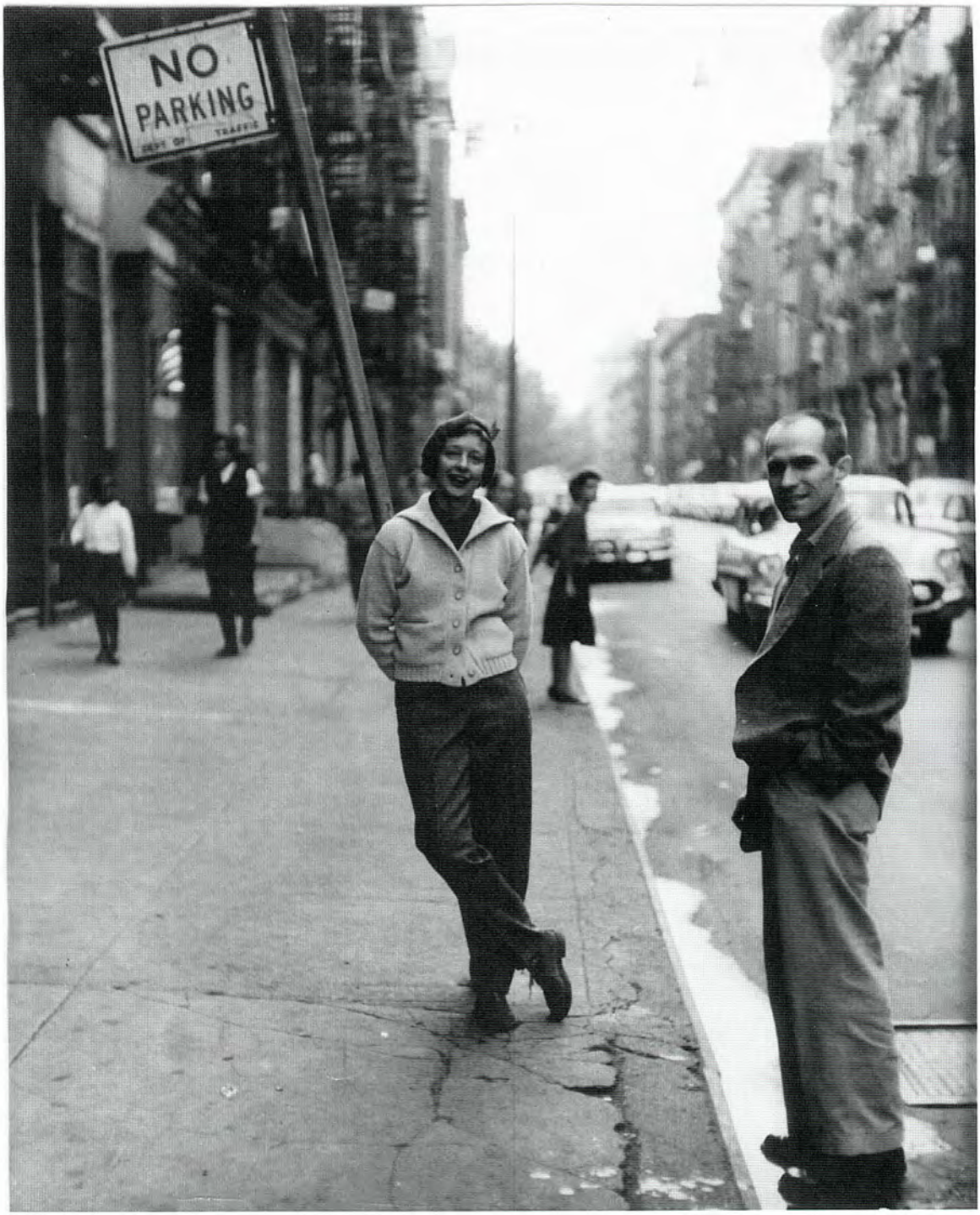
Sue, 1955
Etching
10" x 8"

Shortly after Sue arrived my cat Phoebe left home, but later was found by the neighbor's boy in the grocery store. She left because she wouldn't stand having another female in the same household.

Phoebe could jump from one apartment building to the next, jumping from one rooftop to the next. She would jump up on the roof's parapet, which was about a foot wide, and then jump and land upon the next building's roof parapet.

A few months later we went to Montana to pick up Sue's 1951 Chevy business coupe. We used it to make various trips out of the city. We learned to be quite skillful in parking a car in small parking spaces. We also had to remember where the car was parked, and be sure to notice if the parking space was marked with a sign informing you to expect the street cleaning truck to clean the street where you were parked. It was known as the Alternate Day and Time Parking System. It worked well to stimulate one's memory and for the city to collect some money for no parking violations. The police had no qualms about calling for a tow truck and hauling away an illegally parked car.

There were many pluses in having a car, like taking trips outside the city. Phoebe the cat didn't share our enthusiasm to travel, especially when she



George and Sue outside their apartment on East 10th Street, New York City, 1956

traveled with us. A trip to Montana proved this to be so. We started our trip via the Holland Tunnel and it took several miles of our journey west before she settled down. Later we stopped for lunch. I had my window down and Phoebe made her escape out the car's window. She was gone and we decided to get our lunch in hopes she would return. We left the window open, and upon our return there she was inside the car.

The 50's were a good time to be living in New York City, even though having your work shown in an art gallery was difficult. My work wasn't of the abstract expressionist mode like the New York school artists from the Stable Gallery. The Stable Gallery had just opened Uptown in February 1954, exhibiting the 35 East State group of artists, David Hare, Robert Motherwell, Barnett Newman, Mark Rothko, Willem de Kooning, Ad Reinhardt and Franz Kline.

Franz Kline had his studio near East Tenth Street and exhibited one of his early works, a small painting of a chair. This painting was part of an exhibition sponsored by Saint Marks of the Bowery, an Episcopal church located in the Lower East Side. A group of artists, including myself, formed a group of Lower East Side artists and were able to arrange an exhibition of our work in this very famous church. At one time Martha Graham gave a dance recital in this church.

We rented a loft on Avenue A near Houston Street for a studio. Later, below Houston Street was known as the Soho district, where the rental cost of living and working in this area provided artist space to work for less than studio space northward of Houston Street. 13 Avenue A was a great place to work. It was the usual size of a loft, about 30' by 60'. It was over a pants factory called Better Made Pants. The owner told us that he would go to Harlem and get ideas to design pants that would have a good market value.

There was a studio above ours that had a skylight and was used by another artist and had been a old photographer's studio. We had a fireplace in ours, and it was just dandy to grill steaks for our dinner.

I ordered a loom to be delivered to our studio. One morning the Better Made Pants people called Sue to tell her the loom had been delivered and was



Embroiderer, 1956
Oil on canvas
36'' x 30''



22

Artist, 1959
Oil on canvas
55" x 67"

on the sidewalk outside 13 Avenue A. Sue called me at work, and when I came we disassembled the loom, carried it up two flights and reassembled it.

After a couple of months we rented part of our studio to another artist. This helped a great deal to pay the rent of fifty dollars a month.

We had acquired another expense, the rental space for the car we had brought from Montana. The small parking space to park Sue's 1951 Chevy was twenty dollars a month, a few cents more than our apartment rent.

Sue found a ceramic studio near our apartment and continued her interest in doing some pottery since she had developed her own style of creating some very interesting pottery. Her interest in pottery first started when she was working in the Archie Bray Foundation in Helena, Montana.

Sue also became part of an Army medical unit because she was an experienced occupational therapist. The reserve unit she was attached to spent two weeks of active duty each year. I became a camp follower. Also, she had the experience of marching with her unit down Fifth Avenue on Armistice Day.

Sue worked in the same monogram shop that I did; her specialty was designing monograms for women's blouses. The day that the shop was to have an employee party she was asked to go to the Lower East Side of town to Kat's Deli to pick up the knishes for the party. She couldn't find a cab to get back to the party. One of the deli workers had to bring her back to the shop, none too soon, in order to have the knishes at least warm.

It was a very new experience to work in the garment district. Garment personalities were short-fused. When tempers flared during an argument, conciliation was resolved by calling each other "sweetheart."

It was a grand time being a citizen of New York City. Many thoughts go back to those years. The building super would take a mop and bucket of water to swab the six flights of stairs. By the time he made his way to our floor, the bucket of water had diminished somewhat and had changed its color. But be as it may, Sue would make her remark, "I'll never again live in a place that has marble halls" and then proceed to remop some of the stairs. This place of ours we called Weissbloom Heights, named after the apartment building owner.



George and Sue, 1957, on their studio roof New York City. Photo by Fred Rubik

The Puerto Rican family that had the apartment down the hall from ours would invite us to one of their parties. Their bathtub, of course, was full of iced down beer. All the furniture was stacked in the adjoining room, making room to dance to the music of their sons and sons' friends playing their guitars, singing songs about their Puerto Rican homeland. The whole room was filled with friends, neighbors and many children all moving, dancing and talking among balloons and colorful streamers.

Across the hall from us lived Ruth, Frank and Ruth's son, George. There were many Georges that lived nearby. There was George's Chinese Laundry and George's Ukrainian Deli. Also, there was Minnie George, the Gypsy woman—her family lived in the ground floor storefront and they used colorful bed spreads to cover their front windows. It was an amazing sight to

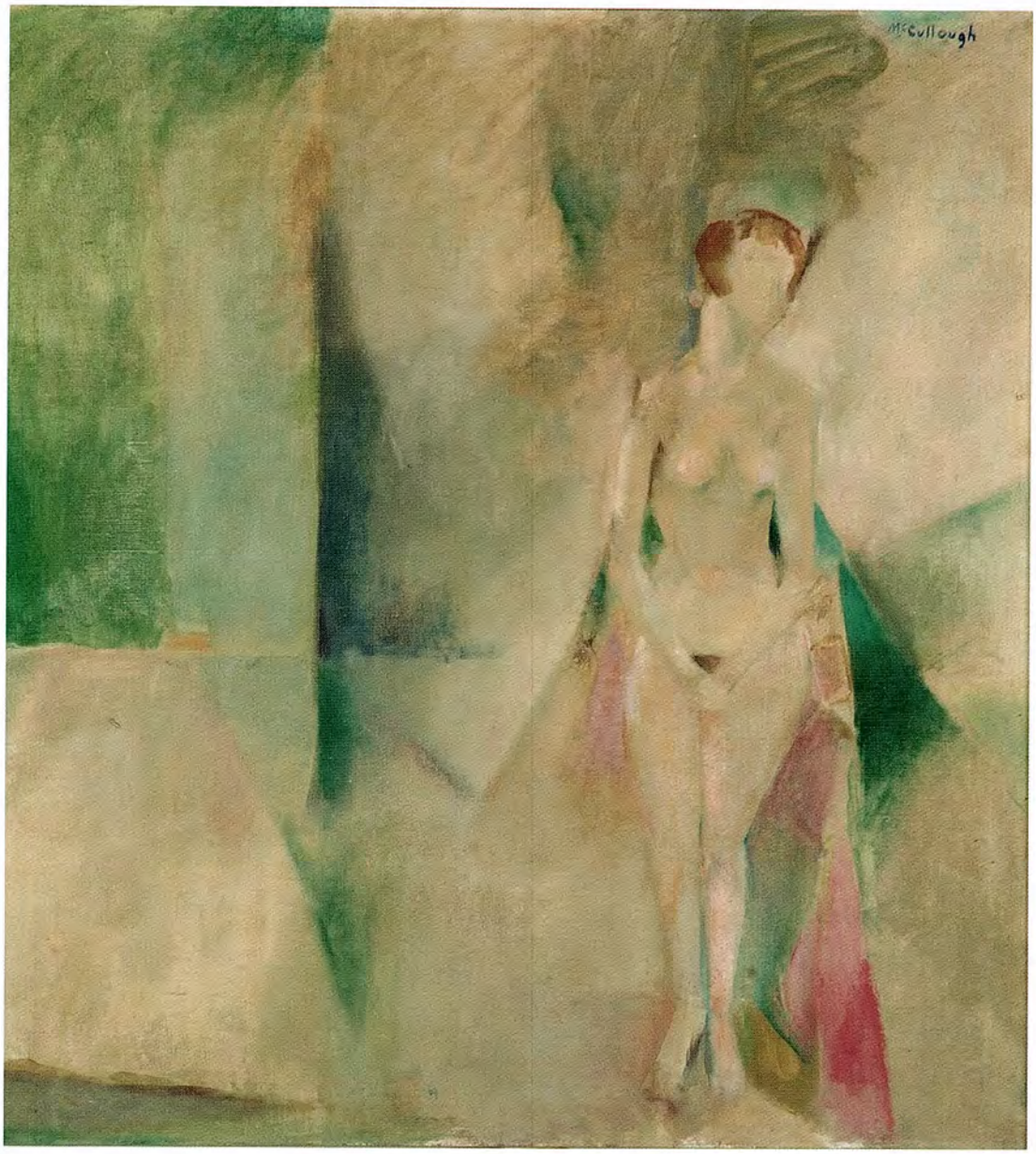
watch our Gypsy friend and her mother walk down the street teetering on their high heels and their very full satin skirts, keeping in rhythm with their swinging hips. Gypsy Minnie George would insist that Sue wear a pair of high-heeled shoes, but Sue didn't think wearing high heels would be very comfortable or practical for the streets of New York. We were invited to a Gypsy wedding, but unfortunately we didn't attend.

Some of the Gypsy men would take their toolbox and ask the owners of their cars parked on the street if they had any fender or body dents that needed fixing. The Gypsy men were expert metal craftsmen and knew how to repair dented cars with just a box full of tools.

Taking the Staten Island ferryboat to Saint George Staten Island cost twenty-five cents, perhaps at that time only a dime. (After awhile the memory gets to be tricky remembering facts, yet one can't knock fictionalizing events.) My first teaching experience was in an adult evening painting class in Tottenville, S.I., New York. What a wonderful ride it was, after the ferry, to ride the local trolley to my evening painting class. I was still feeling a bit on the nervous side after the experience I had on the ferry to Staten Island. I was the first car in line to leave the ferryboat and it was a shock to discover that I had locked myself out of the car. When it came the eventful time to leave the ferry, one of the boat's crew members realized that I wasn't about to lead the pack of cars behind me. I told him the good news that the car was very much locked up with the keys inside the car. With that, he grabbed a fire axe and was ready to break the car's window. I told him I would wield his axe and I broke the smaller wind wing window, then I got in the car and drove off the boat to my painting class.

A warmed-over hot dog served late at night, returning home on the S.I. ferryboat was a just and welcome reward of my new adventures, especially when it was a warmed-over Coney Island hot dog.

My first New York exhibition was a one-man exhibit of paintings at the Staten Island Institute of Art and Science Museum in 1956. I didn't sell anything, but was paid by the gallery's insurance company for a damages to one of my paintings caused by one of its viewers.



Nude, 1956
Oil on canvas
30" x 30"



Sue Knitting, 1962-63
Oil on canvas
49" x 37"



Card players, 1955
Oil on canvas
14" x 18"

Another interesting experience living in New York City was a trip Sue had that involved an excursion in the New York Harbor. She was a guest aboard a tugboat pushing an ocean liner out of its dock to continue its appointed voyage seaward. The boat ride was made possible by an artist we knew who was friends with the captain of the tugboat. Sue was invited to be a passenger for this adventure. I had my art class in Staten Island and was unable to go along.

Sue and her friend boarded the tugboat, named the Dalzell, from a dock located near the Battery. Sue told me that the Dalzell's powerful engine and its hull's deep water line made it possible for the tugboat, so small compared to the massiveness of the large liner, to do its job. One doesn't realize that the full mass of the tug's hull is below its water line and the mighty engine pushes its adversary seaward. Sue told me that looking up from the deck of the tug that the ocean liner appears like a mountain rising from the land.

Sue describes her experience living in Manhattan like her mountains of Montana to the skyward grandeur of the skyscrapers.



Four Seasons, 1962-63
Oil on canvas
53" x 84"

Trips outside the city were many. We would spend an afternoon in the city of Keansburg, New Jersey. This was another boat trip and one felt they could well be on a European cruise. The pleasure boat named City of Keansburg, small as it was, provided four decks that gave the adventurous traveler a place to dance, sunbathe, partake of food and refreshments, or just sit on its decks and enjoy the passing landscape.

In Keansburg, once docked and gone ashore, was the chance to sunbathe, swim and have a stroll on the city's boardwalks, with its various stores and shops to make a purchase of a summer souvenir.

Walking to our studio on Avenue A, we would pass a pharmacy that displayed in its window a full-sized replica figure cast in plaster about six feet tall; the statue, we later learned, represented the Father of Medicine, Hippocrates, the author of the oath that medical students are required to uphold. The Hippocratic Oath embodies the duties and obligations of medicine. The pharmacist who owned the pharmacy believed that it was his duty to display this Greek statue that represented the very essence of medical practices, although New York state officials informed our East Side pharmacist that he should remove his statue.



Victory Knoll, 1969
Oil on canvas
18" x 26"

During the summer months when it was hot and humid, our pharmacist would go into his drugstore to wait upon a customer from his car that he had parked in front of his store. He found that his car seemed much cooler to be in than waiting upon any business inside the store. During cooler weather, he would be inside the store in a large overstuffed chair watching his TV that was placed between the store's merchandise. Sometimes you were asked to wait upon yourselves.

Sometimes, coming from our Avenue A studio, we would have some borscht and a glass of tea at a Russian restaurant. Returning to our apartment later in the evening we might find our friend, who was known by the name of Pop, asleep on the steps of the fifth-floor and at this point he couldn't make it any further to his sixth-floor apartment. He was happily sleeping off too many beers after his chef duties in a local restaurant. During some evenings we could hear Pop snoring away and I would get up and go down to the fifth floor landing and gently wake him up and take him up the next flight of stairs to his room. As he opened his door to go in, he would bid me goodnight.



Sue and Princess in Franke Park, 1965
Oil on canvas
24" x 36"

Pop had many stories to tell. He could make the most wonderful boats out of scraps of wood, perhaps found in the garbage cans that remained on the sidewalks.

When you had some discarded and unwanted useful possessions, it was a common ritual to take them down to the street's garbage cans and place them on top. Street people and, at times, non-street people would find a choice item to their liking and claim it for themselves.

Another thing that proved very useful was the garbage can lids that the kids on the block used as sleds to rattle, with much noise, down the front apartment steps. During the summer months a garbage can lid also would be very handy for diverting water coming from hydrants that the fire department opened for the kids to play in and cool off. But it wasn't favored by the police to let some kid playing the wonderful game of deflecting the water from the hydrants just at the moment the city bus came down the street with its windows opened, drenching the bus passengers.



Far West, 1972 (early stage)
Oil on canvas
40" x 50"

The kids in the city objected to being victims of the "do-gooders" that wanted them to go off to the mountains to get fresh air and all the benefits of nature—mosquitoes, poison ivy, perhaps a poisonous snake and sand. There was too much to offer being in the city, especially to guard one's territory from another street gang.

We managed to see Carol Burnett's first performance of "Once Upon a Mattress" at the Lower East Side's Off Broadway Theater, also an Uptown theater production, "The Seven Year Itch," staring Tom Ewell. Katy Jurado performed in "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" and having attended this play opening, and enjoyed it, we learned it was the only performance because it was regarded to be a little too "naughty." It could upset the puritanicalness of the New York theatre-goers. Another case of the hypocrisy of New York City's moral codes was making the African women wear bras during the performance



30

My Class, 1974
Oil on canvas
36" x 48"

of their Grand Troupe of African Dancers production. This wonderful display of authentic native ritual dances with the women wearing bras was like leaving the gin out of a martini. We saw this one before the bras were required.

One of the most memorable experiences we had was the fortunate opportunity to hear Andrés Segovia playing his guitar, especially the music of Falla and Villa Lobos. At the Cooper Union Theater, we attended a program of Pete Seeger and some other folk musicians. In contrast to this type of music, we also had the enjoyment of Victor Borge and his wacky musical presentation and his phonetic alphabet.

The Whitney Museum had moved at this time from its location in the Village in Lower Manhattan to be next to the Museum of Modern Art mid-town Manhattan.

The new Guggenheim also presented to Fifth Avenue the architectural wonder created by Frank Lloyd Wright. The space for art was presented and hung upon curved walls, allowing this silo-like structure to happily allow

enterprising paper glider makers the opportunity to launch their paper gliders from the top floors and watch them glide down to the building's ground floor.

When one day our apartment kitchen ceiling gave away and water descended into the kitchen sink, it was divined that we should pack up and leave the city. Weissbloom Heights' roof leaked, especially after many months of rain and snow. When the snow piled high I would get a shovel, not to shovel the sidewalks, but to shovel off the roof above our apartment. The snow I shoveled off would crash down into the courtyard of the building, ripping out the tenement dwellers' clotheslines below. A lot of unhappy apartment residents' voices could be heard coming up from below.



31

The Needle Woman, 1977 (Copy of Velasquez)
Oil on canvas
28" x 22"

Sue told our apartment agent that we were leaving and he told her, "Mrs. McCullough, we'll certainly miss you."

Therefore, after five years being married citizens of Manhattan Island with cat and a carload of our possessions, plus a moving van of all our worldly goods, we headed for California in 1960, where my parents were living. We believed it would be a good idea to live closer to our families.



32

The Olive Pickers, 1973 (Copy of V. Van Gogh)
Oil on canvas
22" x 28"

In California, I apprenticed in a stained glass studio. Sue worked as an occupational therapist in a sanitarium for individuals who were an embarrassment to their families for one reason or another. Also for a few months, Sue painted tissue boxes with butterflies for a very

small studio located in a garage in north Hollywood. She was very skilled and the two owners of this "great enterprise" were sorry to see her leave.

In 1964 we rented a California bungalow to live in. It was close enough for me to ride my bicycle to work. Our bungalow was located in a multicultural neighborhood. Sue would take some of the neighborhood kids to the nearby hills and to a small playground area tucked close to the small woodland area of Altadena, California. Some of her young charges called Sue their "White Momma." She would load gangs of kids and the fuzzy black puppy in the Chevy business coupe and head for the hills.

Our fuzzy-faced mixed-breed dog, perhaps with a pedigree of a cocker spaniel and poodle, was adopted by us one afternoon when she came limping to our back door with one of her back legs dragging behind her. We took her to the vet and he put a splint on her broken back leg. We paid the bill for services rendered and with that we had adopted "Princess," as this stray was called by the neighborhood children.



Van Wert, Ohio, 1987
Oil on canvas
14" x 18"



Garrett Farm, 1982
Oil on canvas
23" x 39"

Princess found it very much in her favor to keep an eye out for the small children that were holding their recently purchased ice cream cones from the local Mom and Pop grocery store. The children were small, enabling Princess to take away the ice cream from the cones that were at just the right height for her to grab the ice cream. She loved to get into my brother-in-law's fish pond when we visited my sister and her husband. We feel that she knew by doing this, we would pack up and return home. That was her way of telling us, it was time to go home.

I painted several landscapes around the foothills of Altadena and some of the beach areas around the harbor of San Pedro. We visited the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History and Fine Arts and the Norton Simon collection of Edgar Degas. The new Getty Museum hadn't been built upon a Los Angeles hilltop yet. The new museum would overlook houses and commercial buildings laced with ribbons of a web of automobiles nose to nose upon a vast sea of freeways peeking out here and there in a mist of pale yellow smog. We made our getaway from smogville to see Sue's parents that had settled in Montana. I did some painting of this Big Sky country during our visits.

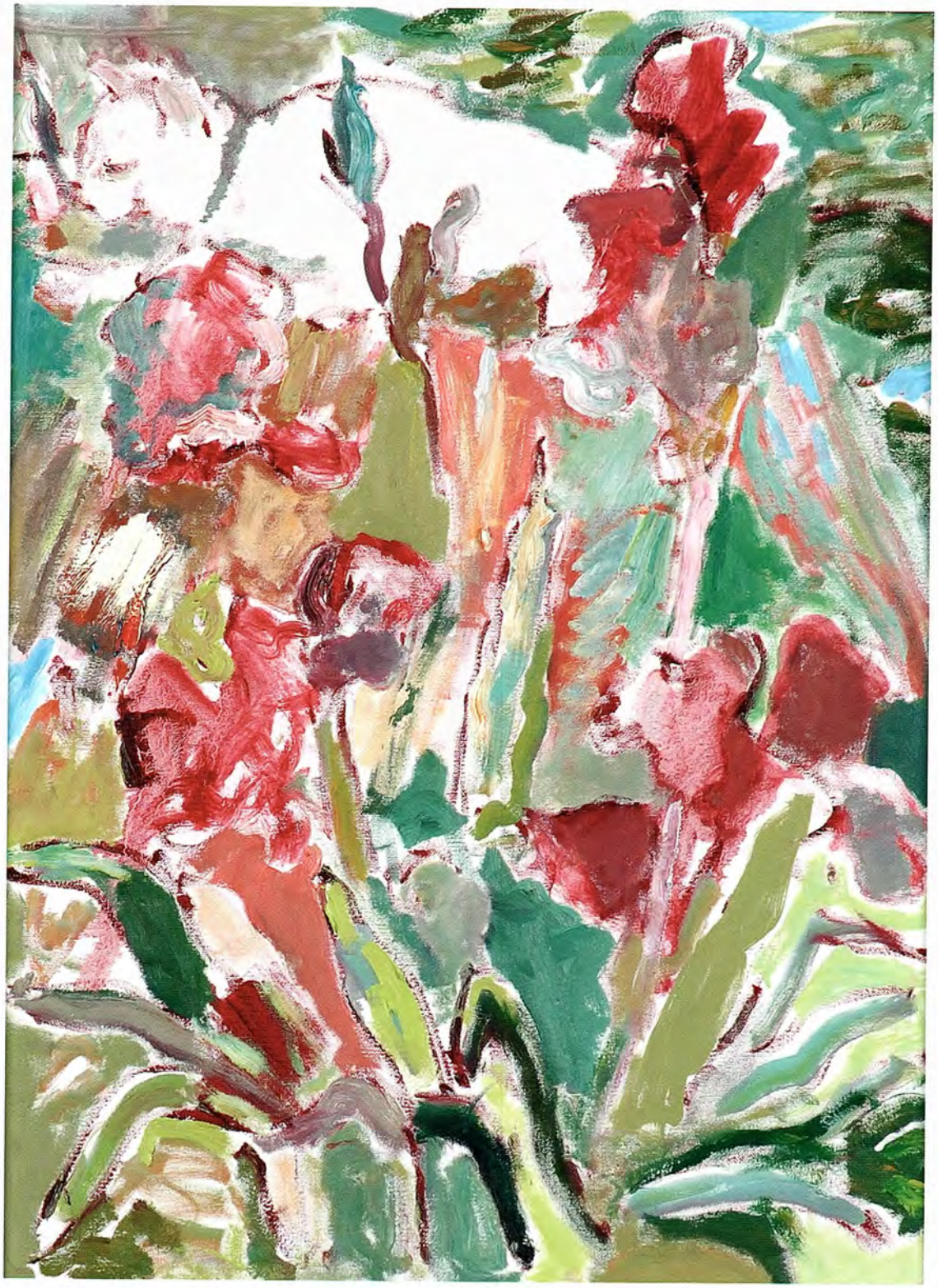


Wheat, 1988
Oil on canvas
14" x 18"

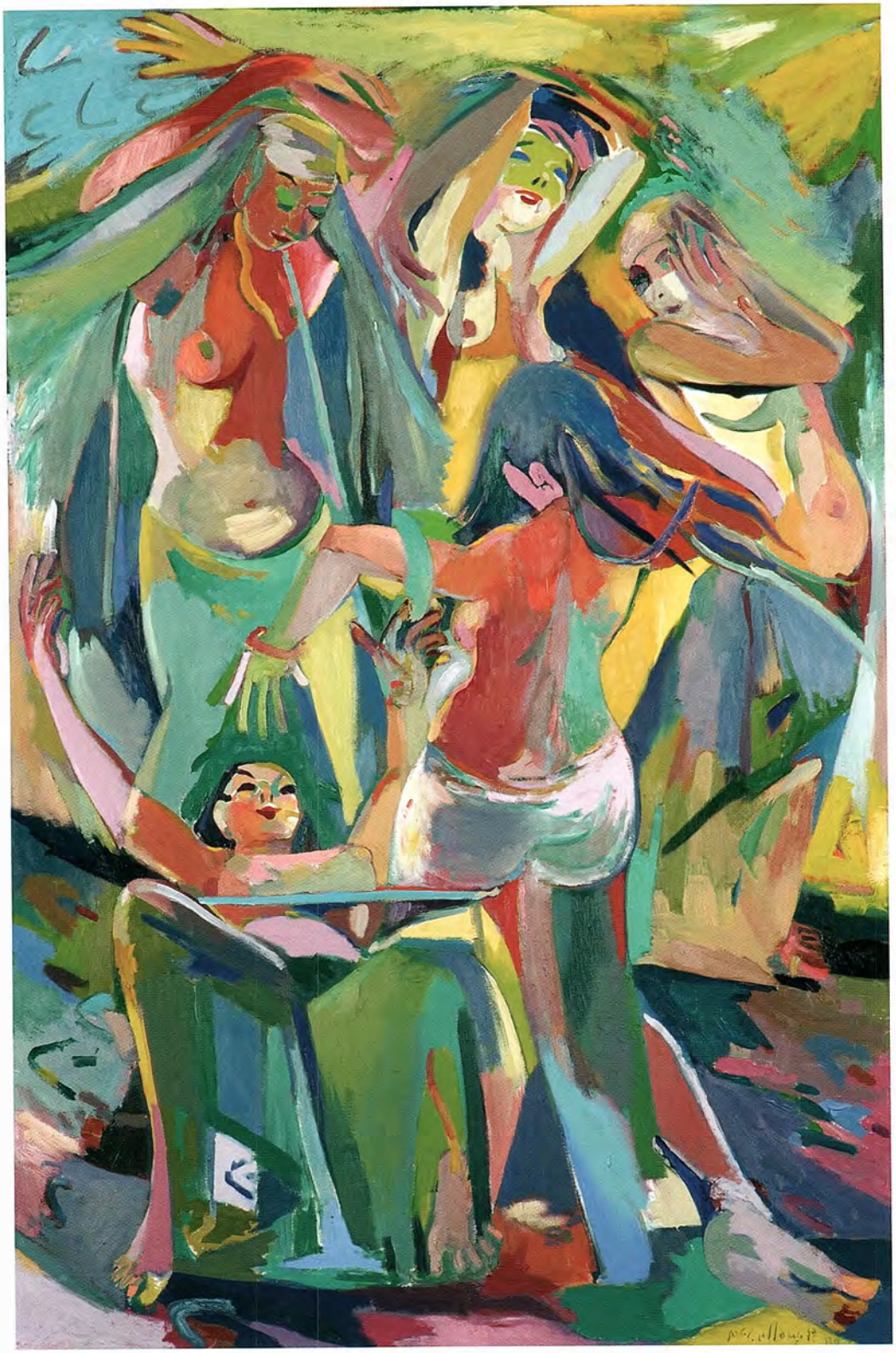
One morning upon our travels, we saw a truck with a camper-type arrangement upon it and a cowboy by it signaling with his hat to cars coming down the pike. We stopped to find out if he needed any help. He told us about having a flat tire, and his family had been there all night and the early morning and that we were the first car that had stopped.

We loaded his tire into our VW to take it to a gas station to be repaired. The cowboy's name was Frank Lavender and he was tall and found it difficult to fold up into the VW and had to remove his cowboy hat in order to get in. Upon loading his tire into the front compartment of the car he remarked, "Where is the car's motor?" This was the first time he had ever seen a VW car. We found a gas station and they repaired the flat tire.

We returned to his truck and another tire was flat. Back to the station for repairs and soon they were on their way, his teenager wife and baby. He invited us to be his guest to watch him bulldog the steers at the rodeo where he was



Cat among the iris, 1992
Oil on canvas
24'' x 18''



"Port Said", 1988
Oil on canvas
72" x 48"



Kuan Yin, 1988
Oil on canvas
36" x 34"

bound for. We've always been sorry that we didn't take him up on his offer, mistakenly thinking it was important to be on our way.

On another trip to get away from the smog, we made arrangements to paint at the site of the famous Custer Battlefield Monument near Garryowen, Montana Rtes. #87 and #90. Atop the VW was a large box that had my canvas for my oil painting of this historic site. We had arrived here when there was a full moon. We both felt the spirits of the fallen U.S. Cavalry troops and those of the buried Sioux, Cheyenne and Crow Indian warriors.

I pictured for my painting of Custer's Last Stand a large horse in the foreground of my composition with the landscape of the battlefield behind the large horse [1] that represents the only survivor of the bloody battle between the Indians and General George A. Custer's Cavalry troops. Their last battle was on



Dancer, 1990
Oil on canvas
48" x 41"



40

Circus, 1992
Oil on canvas
40" x 48"

June 25, 1876 near the Little Big Horn River. We were at this site on the 100th anniversary of this famous battle. *(page 41, #29)*

We moved to Fort Wayne, Indiana, in 1965 and were fortunate to purchase an old farmhouse behind the city's water filtration plant, located at the confluence of three rivers, the St. Joe, the St. Mary's and the Maumee. Fort Wayne was named after the famous Indian fighter General Anthony Wayne. We left Southern California to come to Fort Wayne to work in a stained glass studio.

My father had died recently, and the continual breathing of the dosage of smog we felt that a move eastward to the Midwest was a good idea. With all our possessions loaded once again, we moved on with Phoebe our cat and

1. Capt Keogh's horse Comanche



Olympia and Self Portriat, 1999
Oil on canvas
36" x 48"

Princess our dog. Indiana has the geographical advantage of being close to Chicago, Toledo, Cincinnati, Cleveland and New York, all of which have excellent art museums.

I worked in the stained glass studio for two years. At this time I was asked to join a staff of artists that were part of a faculty of a private art school in Fort Wayne. I taught a variety of studio classes and Sue taught weaving courses. Due to financial problems, the art school closed its doors and the faculty moved to the Indiana-Purdue University at Fort Wayne.

We enjoy our old house that has many windows. They let in lots of light, which makes it so pleasant to live in. Plus, there was room for a garden in the backyard. Later we built a studio, behind our house. We did the actual construction of the studio, except for hiring a contractor to pour the cement for the building's foundation. We poked around new building sites in the neigh-



Tulips, 1998
Oil on canvas
60" x 48"



Self-portrait with Red Pipe, 2000
Oil on canvas
28'' x 22''



Shrimp Eaters, 1998
Oil on canvas
20" x 24"

borhood learning about framing a building, using studs and the differences between a spike and a nail. The library helped, as did friends.

Then came the deluge. We were in a flood plain area, but I believe we knew about the history of the area. That took place over one hundred years ago, so why worry! After all, we only paid four thousand dollars for our house. We were flooded three times. Ronnie (President Ronald Reagan) helped us, so now our neighborhood is protected by a system of dikes to control any future floodwaters from the three nearby rivers.

In 1982, we bought a house across the street. This was to take care of storage, a place for Sue's looms and a place for my etching press.

Since retiring from teaching duties in 1989, we now have more time to pursue our artwork and take trips abroad. One of the most exciting



Birkenstocks, 2002
Oil on canvas
24" x 36"

experiences was to participate in an art-related workshop program in Gera, Germany. Gera is part of a "Sister City" arrangement to co-author an artist exchange program. We were fortunate to be selected to take part in this type of foreign exchange.

Gera, located near Leipzig and Weimar, was still part of East Germany at the time. The art program was still sponsored by the state and the artists were provided with art materials. Those of us from other countries were given housing and even a light breakfast before starting work in a large area that was used at certain times as a social center. This building had a fairly large courtyard, was called the Wald Haus, and was located in the beautiful Thurengen Forest. It was about a fifteen-minute trip to the central part of Gera.

Besides the German artists, Eberhard Dietzsch, Uwe Klos, Barbara Lechner, Barbara Koch, Christian Luttich, Holger Mittenzwei, Wolfgang Schwarzentrub and Siegried Weiss, there were those from Czechoslovakia, Greece, Poland, Romania, Russia and the United States.



46

Lakeside Tree, 2003
Oil on canvas
20" x 20"



47

Lakeside #3, 2003
Oil on canvas
18" x 20"



Self-portrait, 2002
Oil on canvas
20" x 16"

Another important art experience I had was being in the National Gallery in Washington, D.C. to copy some of the masterpieces in this splendid museum. I copied Vincent Van Gogh's "The Olive Pickers" *(page 43, #32)* and Paul Cezanne's "Baroque Vase of Flowers," Jean Baptiste Camille Corot's "In the Studio" and Diego Rodriquez de Silva y Velasquez "The Needlewoman" *(page 43, #31)*, also Adolf Monticell's "Women, Men and Dogs," part of the collection of the Indianapolis Museum of Art, Indianapolis.

At present Sue does her quilts and weaving besides taking care of the vegetable garden, baking bread, coffee cake, pies, breakfast rolls, and patiently, or impatiently keeping income tax records and dating the necessary bookkeeping.

I keep painting in the studio and go with friends painting landscapes. I have time to do some etchings, take care of my roses, feed the cats and take out the garbage. We make short trips to the grocery store, the pharmacy, the dentist, the doctor for yearly check-ups, the gas station, the bank and the vet with our cats, when they can be caught and put in their traveling case.

Sometimes we watch the baseball World Series games. It brings back the days we spent in L.A.'s Chavez Ravine's baseball stadium to see an evening baseball game to escape from the heat and smog. The real special times were to watch Sandy Koufax pitch shut-outs for the L.A. Dodgers.

The New York tenements, a California cul de sac and along the St. Joe River in Fort Wayne, Indiana have been our camp sites. The pleasures, the disappointments, the friendships and the adventures were our creative highway in pursuit of careers as artists.

It is our hope that "Camping Out" will be an inspiration for others to take their own artistic journey.



Sandy Koufax, 2003
Etching
9" x 6"

#1 *"Krazy Kat,"* 1996
Quilt by Henrietta "Sue" McCullough, design by George McCullough
Quilt 78" x 58"
"Krazy Kat" created by George Herriman (1880-1944)
"Krazy Kat" was published from 1916 to 1944 and was a favorite comic strip of George and Sue.

#2 *Mt. Rainier*, date unknown
W. S. McCullough, (1890-1964)
Oil on canvas
18" x 24"
Painting by George's father of Mt. Rainier.

#3 *W.S. McCullough*, 1958
George W. McCullough
Oil on canvas
10" x 8"
Painting of George's father

#4 *Ice Cream Eater*, 1958
Oil on canvas
48" x 36"
Painting of George's mother and George eating an ice cream cone.

#5 *Homage to Iowa*, 1956
Oil on canvas
33" x 53"
Landscape painting of Iowa City painted for an alumni exhibition.

#6 *Italian Model*, 1950
Oil on canvas
31" x 21"
Painted in Italy.

#7 *Model*, 1950
Oil on canvas
19" x 20"
Painted in Italy.

#8 *Newsy*, 1951
Oil and collage on Masonite®
32" x 24"
One of the pieces of art thrown in the East River in NYC by an ex-girlfriend.

#9 *The Brickyards*, 1956
Oil on canvas
60" x 36"
The Archy Brays Foundation was located in the brickyard.

#10 *Archie Bray's Brickyard, Helena, Montana* 1952
Pen and ink
4.5" x 7"
Ink drawing of the brick yard.

#11 *Church Street train, Bozeman, Montana*, 1952
Pen and ink
4.5" x 7"
Ink drawing of the Bozeman, Montana, Church Street train.

#12 *NYC*, 1959
Oil on canvas
30" x 24"
Painting of lower Manhattan.

#13 *Central Park, NYC*, 1953
Oil on Masonite®
12" x 16"
Painting of Central Park painted in a style that a Central Park artist had shown to George in order to sell paintings to tourists.

#14 *Phoebe*, 1955
Etching
7" x 12"
The first etching that George sold.

#15 *Rocky Point*, NY, 1954
Oil on canvas
12" x 16"
Painting of Rocky Point, Long Island, NY.

#16 *Wedding Portrait*, 1955
Oil on Masonite®
40" x 20"
Painted two weeks before the wedding. Sue described her red wedding dress to George over the phone.

#17 *The Battery*, 1955
Oil on canvas
24" x 36"
George would paint in Battery Park, lower Manhattan, New York City on Sundays.

#18 *New York Harbor*, 1958
Oil on canvas
36" x 46"
The skyline of New York City painted from Staten Island.

#19 *George*, 1955
Etching
10" x 8"
Etching of George shortly after his marriage to Sue.

#20 *Sue*, 1955
Etching
10" x 8"
Etching of Sue shortly after her marriage to George.

#21 *Embroiderer*, 1956
Oil on canvas
36" x 30"
Painting of an embroiderer at "Anne Embroidery" shop.

#22 *Artist*, 1959
Oil on canvas
55" x 67"
Composition with self-portrait, mother and child, Bonzo the dog, bike, Italy, Phoebe the cat, nude playing cards, Iowa City, Montana horse and the crucifixion.

#23 *Nude*, 1956
Oil on canvas
30" x 30"
Studio nude.

#24 *Sue Knitting*, 1962-63
Oil on canvas
49" x 37"
Portrait of Sue.

#25 *Card players*, 1955
Oil on canvas
14" x 18"
Cezanne-inspired painting.

#26 *Four Seasons*, 1962-63
Oil on canvas
53" x 84"
Matisse-inspired painting.

#27 *Victory Knoll*, 1969
Oil on canvas
18" x 26"
Painting of Victory Knoll in Huntington, Indiana.

#28 *Sue and Princess in Franke Park*, 1965
Oil on canvas
24" x 36"
The first painting painted in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Sue and the pet dog Princess at Franke Park.

#29 *Far West*, 1972
Oil on canvas
40" x 50"
The painting at Custer National Monument was inspired by General George Custer's "last stand."

#30 *My Class*, 1974
Oil on canvas
36" x 48"
Painting of George's students in Studio Building B, Fort Wayne Art Institute, 1974. From left to right; Mink Sutaphong, Eileen Garvey, Rebecca Richason, Letitia Niswander, William Rischman, Michael Rumbaugh, James Graham.

#31 *The Needle Woman*, 1977
(Copy of Velasquez)
Oil on canvas
28" x 22"
Copied at the National Gallery in Washington DC.

#32 *The Olive Pickers*, 1973
(Copy of Vincent Van Gogh)
Oil on canvas
22" x 28"
Copied at the National Gallery in Washington DC.

#33 *Van Wert, Ohio*, 1987
Oil on canvas
14" x 18"
Plein air painting.

#34 *Garrett farm*, 1982
Oil on canvas
23" x 39"
Plein air painting outside Garrett, Indiana.

#35 *Wheat*, 1988
Oil on canvas
14" x 18"
Plein air painting.

#36 *Cat among the iris*, 1992
Oil on canvas
24" x 18"

#37 *"Port Said"*, 1988
Oil on canvas
72" x 48"
Painting of belly dancers at a caberet Greek club, "Port Said" in the garment district in New York City.

#38 *Kuan Yin*, 1988
Oil on canvas
36" x 34"
Abstract composition.

#39 *Dancer*, 1990
Oil on canvas
48" x 41"
Dancing figure in color arrangement.

#40 *Circus*, 1992
Oil on canvas
40" x 48"
Elephant with clowns painted from sketches from a trip to the circus.

#41 *Olympia and Self-portrait*, 1999
Oil on canvas
36" x 48"
Painting based on Manet's "Olympia" with the addition of George painting in the right corner of the composition.

#42 *Tulips*, 1998
Oil on canvas
60" x 48"
Still Life.

#43 *Self-portrait with Red Pipe*, 2000
Oil on canvas
28" x 22"
George with pipe and wooden glasses.

#44 *Shrimp Eaters*, 1998
Oil on canvas
20" x 24"
Based on V. Van Gogh's "Potato eaters." Painted from sketches from a dinner party at Paula's seafood restaurant in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

#45 *Birkenstocks*, 2002
Oil on canvas
24" x 36"
Still life study.

#46 *Lakeside tree*, 2003
Oil on canvas
20" x 20"
Plein air painting at Lakeside Park, Fort Wayne, Indiana



George, 1990
Etching
8" x 6"

#47 *Lakeside #3*, 2003
Oil on canvas
18" x 20"
Plein air painting at Lakeside Park, Fort Wayne, Indiana

#48 *Self-portrait*, 2002
Oil on canvas
20" x 16"
George with his pipe.

#49 *Sandy Koufax*, 2003
Etching
9" x 6"
Hall of Fame baseball pitcher for the Brooklyn Dodgers and L.A. Dodgers from 1955 to 1966.

#50 *George*, 1990
Etching
8" x 6"
Self portrait of George sketching at his dining room table.

